"THE INSIDE STORY"

DOINGS OF THE "SMART SET" IN NEW YORK

if I have, the whole smart set is in the same condition, and for the same cause, so nobody'll notice it. You see, we're all the French court in the seventeenth century so as to seem at case at James Hazen Hyde's costume ball next week. I've got as far as reproving my maid with a "Lud," and reprimanding my butcher with a "Gad zooks." Of course, that isn't French, but it's in the period, and that's something. I was going to write to you this week in French, but I was afraid I couldn't make anything intelligible, except a menu or two, and I have such a splendid wedding to tell you all about So I'll compromise on a quill pen and a free sprinkling of sand, and for the rest forget France and its seventeenth cen tury court for the moment.

Wonder, though, just by the way, what Moneieur le Marquis de Hyde will do with his very black and luxuriant whis-

Now, my dear, to fulfill my promise and tell you all about the wedding of the Certainly the marriage of H. Coleman Drayton and Constance Knower — (Mary Constance on the invitations)—is the "the-est" of many months. So I'll give it to you from "soup to nuts." Knower, keeping guard on one side and the groom's grandmother, Mrs. Astor, on the other you may know the whole thing was the quintessence of good form. But the only way to thoroughly let you in on these things, my dear, is to simply take you by the hand and lead you right with me. That plunges us into the midst of excitement at the vory start. At fashlomable weddings, nowadays, one gets a seat check for the church not unlike a theater coupon—in principle, I mean—so I didn't hurry myself to death to arrive in time for a good seat. I was quite languid, my dear, and decided to give myself an entrance. It was the least I could do for my new gown—made for the occasion—and a ton and a half of lewels I had had sent home, on approval—and rejected with the most haughty scorn the next morning. So I didn't start for St. Thomas's until just in time to sweep down the center alse in full gaze of a churchful. I drove serenely down Fifth avenue, and ran into the worst commotion right in front of the church. It wasn't merely the usual mob of vulgar poor that always gathers around an awning to stare at our set—(we d die of shame if the "vulgar poor" didn't gather to gaze)—but there had been an accident. When I got out of my brougham I found Mrs. Rhinelander standing under the awning, all but beating herself in excitement. Her carriage had just butted into a hasket cart and overturned two children and a nurse maid not to mention frightening a cute, shagey little pony almest into hysteries. Fortunately nobody was hurt, except poor Mrs. Rhinelander—in her feelings. The children collected themselves, the pony revived himself with smelling saits, and the party dreve away quite uninjured, the kildles waving handkerchiefs while the "vulgar poor" cheered.

I won't describe my entrance into the church. Medeste forbrids my telling you Coleman Drayton and Constance Knower -(Mary Constance on the invitations)-is

I won't describe my entrance into the church Modesty forbids my telling you what a dash I cut—on the arm of young Ogden Mills. But though the demands of decency require reticence, on my part, in regard to my personal charms and my new green velvet—which I myself paid for—I need exercise no such repression in speaking of those jewels—'on approval'—or of Aunt Harriet's Ruesian sables, which I dragged along the doubtless dusty floor of that most swagger of holy edifices.

When I was driving down the avenue, with my pro tem, gems glittering all over my chest and the glass of the brougham's windows on three sides. I'm perfectly sure I looked like a velvet bust in a jeweier's show were.

I looked like a veivet bust in a jeweier's show case.

Well-I'm in the church now, I'm seated and I begin to rubber. The first person I see—need I say?—Is a perfect duck of a man—and right in the pew with me. Honor, Muriel—he's the only person in the church I don't know. He keeps nervously glancing toward the door in obvious expectation of some one to pack into our pew—how thrilling that "our" is!—and I become as green as my gown in jealous rage at the thought that the looked for one is a female. Mentally wishing it was Sunday service—when the man in the pew must find the psalms and hymns and things—I rubber and how to right and left.

things—I rubber and how to right and left.

Everyone, quite everyone, was there. I am not attempting a mere euphonious jest when I say there is no one the Knowers don't know. That is, no one in society—they're tactfully careful not to know "also rans". Everything in the way of Astors was there, excepting the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. G. Oglivy Halg. She and J. Coleman Drayton have been divorced some years, you know, and the former Miss Astor, whose second husband makes whisky, lives in London. Young Henry Coleman Drayton was brought up by his father, and under the watchful eye of his maternal grandmother. So Mrs. Haig didn't come over to see her son "take unto himself" pretty Constance Knower. So many smart people are divorced and remarried and that sort of thing that Mrs. Haig's absence seems almost unnecessary. A similar problem was particularly well treated, it always seemed to me, when Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., married Virginia Fair. The wedding breakfast was served at two great tables and at the head of one Papa Willie K. sat with the bride's sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, while his former wife, then Mrs. Belmont, was at the extreme other end of the room, at the head of the other table, with Herman Oelrichs. But then the Astors have their own way of doing things, and, anyway, Mrs. Haig was not "among those present". But all the other Astors were on hand; those of the name—Mrs. Astor and Col and Mrs. John Jacob Astor—and a whole horde of Roosevelts Draytons, Colliers, Van Alens, Robinsons and Wilsons, who are all Astors, one way or another.

and Wisons, who are all Astors, one way or snother.

Mrs. Astor didn't arrive until late—just before the "Lohengrin" wedding march. She entered on the arm of her ushering grandson, young Orme Wilson, and swept to the first pew on the left, a mass of velvet and fur. Presently Mrs. Knower came in, escorted by young Charlie Oelrichs, seating herself on the right, across the aisle from the Queen of Society. Then the ribbons were placed, and the long procession entered. Eight ushers headed it, among them young scions of our glided familles of Oelrichs, Mills and Wilson. The bride's cousin, Vicomte Alan de Subaunet, was to have come over from

TEA What is cheating?

Hard to say. What is not-cheating?

Moneyback.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like

EW YORK, Jan. 27.—Dear Muriel: If you can't read this letter, my dear, you'll know it's because I'm writing with a quill and shaking sand over the whole business every third line. I haven't gone entirely "nurty," or. I haven't gone entirely "nurty," or. I haven't gone entirely "nurty," or. I have, the whole smart set is in the se condition, and for the same cause, nobody'll notice it. You see, we're all ustomling ourselves to the manners of French court in the seventeenth centre of so as to seem at case at James Ha-Hyde's costume ball next week. I've as far as reproving my maid with a d'," and reprimanding my butcher ha "Gad zooka." Of course, that isn't neh, but it's in the period, and that's sething. I was going to write to you week in French, but I was afraid I dn't make anything intelligible, ex-

The bride entered with her uncle—no, I won't say 'on the arm of her uncle." William Hamersley is a Judge of the Supreme court of Connecticut. Miss Knower's gown was all significance—and white satin. To begin with she wore family lace—yards of it—and a gorgeous Brussels point veil, which her mother had worn at her own wedding. Her grown was made "princess"—white satin in material—and with sleeves and a bertha of Brussels point lace. But all that was merely a basis, my dear. On her right arm dangled a dlamond and sapphire bracelet which Mrs. Ogilvy Haig had sent over from London. That's what I call something like an olive branch—from a mother-in-law. More beautiful still was a necklace of pearls and diamonds, with a pink pearlipendant, a gift from her aunt, "the rich" Mrs. Samuel Pensiman, whose mansion adjoins the Knowers. Miss Knower wore many other lewels, an innovation in bridal etiquette. Nonody less firmly fixed socially than Mrs. Benjamin Knower's daughter would have dared break into such an old rule as that which limits the bride's ornaments to the groom's present. Such it is to be a Knower, not to mention marrying an Astor. Another oddity was in the 'who giveth this woman' matter. Miss Knower, being fatherless, it was to be expected that Judge Hamersley, as head of the family, would act in her dead father's place. But instead Mrs. Knower left her pew and performed the 'givething' act.

The service was extremely simple—the acme of good taste—and no "stunts."

left her pew and performed the "givething" act.

The service was extremely simple—the name of good taste—and no "stunts," musical or otherwise, were rung in. Even the rather undignified favor of sending the ushers back to escort the family from the church was omitted. The then united houses fell into formal procession, the proper precedence being regarded. The father of the groom and the mother of the bride—both being, in effect, widowed—led the march. Then, in their proper places, followed Mrs. Astor. Col. and Mrs. Jack. Astor. William Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, Judge and Mrs. William Hamersley, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills. Mrs. Samuel Penniman, and Astors and Knowers even unto the third and fourth generations—and them that love them.

But, Muriel, love—I must tell you. The looked-for friend of the darling next to me didn't turn up till we were leaving the church. It was a man, I'm glad to say, and rather cute, though not comparable with my lamb-ple. He came dashing down the alsle—I might better say elbowing—and hurriedly explained that had reached the church just in time for the ceremony, but after the ribbons were up. He was still breathless from excitement and hurry and gasped forth a story, to my duckling, how he was sitting over lunch at Claremont—tat the north cod of Riverside drive, you know, quite four miles from the church)—when he suddenly remembered. He dashed into his automobile and whizzed down like mad. "Must have defied speed regulations," commented "my" boy.
"Did I whirl past policemen and the law," said this wedding-day chauneur, "Well, I guess!" I came through this city like a dose of salts."

I've written so much about the church part of this terribly swagger wedding that I'll devote myself to only two things about the reception. We got to the house along about 5-the ceremony was set for 3:30-and, of course, all crushed in at once. Mrs. Knower's handsome home is in Seventy-seventh street, next to the Flith avenue corner. There was the usual bower for the 'happy pair' to receive under and all that, and the accustomed gushing over the ushers' pians. Young Draxton had squeezed good taste almost to the stingy point in these, which were monogram stick pins, and not very pretty ones at that Still, handsome wedding gifts are bad form—except for the poor. The real game, among the family, is to give something simple. Mrs. Astor gave a silver ioving cup, the 'like of which' almost any dog could win at a show, if he was a thoroughbred. Of course, that matter of thoroughbred-sim is to be considered. Col. and Mrs. Jack Astor gave a Colonial silver service—in silver, too, as were some fruit dishes from Auntie Wilson, and a tray from coush M. Orme—Jr.

The other thing I wanted to tell you about was the bridal pair's escape. We were all waiting with rice and old shoes to peit them. And we waited: Oh, we certainly wasted. Finally young Orme Wilson got Impatient and went upstairs to the room where Drayton was changing to his traveling suit. No H. Coleman Then young Van Alen and Margaret Knower gave us the laugh. As maid-of-honor and best man it was their duty to fight and connive for the safe flight of the bride and groom. They certainly had done it, so the triumph was a good part theirs. And how do you suppose the pair had escaped? Over the roof, my dear. Exactly that, Muriel, young hubby and wille Drayton had climbed to the roof of the Knower house, over to Auntie Penniman's top—Auntie Penniman's house top, I mean, of course—and down through it to a waiting automobile.

For the rest we've had the maddening while of January entertainments—dances—(when they weren't balls)—with dinners, musicales, luncheons, teas and the opera to rubber in somehow. Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish have been the most prominent in the million hostesses, and three men—all more or less elderly—have been giddily giving balls. Imagine Adrian Iselin, Sr., James Stillman and William Havemeyer getting frisky enough to give what we used to call "hops," and for the young folk. All this has cut into the opera a lot. Not that society has deserted its boxes in the great horseshow; quite on the contrary, seats in the exhibition semi-circle have been sought after mixe than ever. But these days we don't stay more than half an hour. And believe me, dear, a dash of "Gotterdammerung" after dinner is far more settling than creme de menthe.

But I must tell you about a distressing calemity that befell my hostess of inst right—and I won't mention her name because she's grieved sick about the whole thing. It was her table decorations. She had a "lake" in the center, with a fountain, and gold fish swimming about. From the sides and underneath bright red lights shone through the glass tank. It was lovely, but began to be pretty warm. Nobedy said anything until, my dear, the gold fish began to die. It was awful. The poor little baked, glittering things floated around on the top of the illuminated "lake" quite, quite dead.

Well, Muriel, once more it's au revoir. I

Well, Muriel, once more it's au revoir. I started by sprinkling sand over this letter in a seventeenth century manner—in anticipation—and now I'm all but sprinkling tears in recollection. Somehow I can't go to a wedding—or even think of one—with-out wishing one of my husbands back again—that is, for an hour or so. Lovingly, IDA INNERLY.

IS ESTABLISHED

Evidence Sufficient on This Point.

It Is Not a New Subject of Judicial Examina-

tion.

Colorado Newspaper Says Mormonism Is Contrary to Spirit of American Institutions.

[New York Mail.]

To the majority of readers in this part of the country the testimony taken in the Smoot hearing before a committee of the United States Senate at Washington, in connection with the so-called "endowment oath" of the Mormon church, comes as an entirely new thing The Utah witnesses, not now members of the Mormon church, but socially in sympathy with their Mormon neighbors, who have been called upon to tell what this oath is, have one and all refused to do so. They and the Mormon witnesses were perfectly willing to tell what the oath was not, but when

Mormon witnesses were perfectly willing to tell what the oath was not, but when called upon to state under eath what it was, they refused, on the ground that they regarded it as a sacred and privileged matter, like the oaths of a secret society.

However, the judicial examination of this subject is not a new thing, nor have witnesses who have taken this endowment oath always been so reluctant to testify as to its nature. In the year 1889, before the District court for the Third Judicial district of the then Territory of Utah, John Moore and others applied for naturalization before Judge Thomas J. Anderson. Objection was made that they were not fit subjects for United States citizenship, on the ground that they had taken oaths which were incompatible with that privilege. The whole subject was opened up, and the testimony of eleven witnesses, all of whom had taken the oath of endowment at one of the temples, was heard. As aummarized by Judge Anderson, the testimony of these witnesses established these facts:

That these ceremonies occupy the greater part of a day, and include the taking of an oath that all who receive the endowment will avenge the blood of the prophets. Joseph and Hyrum Smith, upon the Government of the United States, and will enjoin the obligation upon their children unto the third and fourth generations; that they will obey the priesthood in all things, and will never reveal the secrets of the endowment bouse under the penalty of having their threats cut from ear to car, their bowels torn out, and their hearts cut out of their bodies.

It was denied by Mormon officials in

Chap Tender Skins



And CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure,

And purest and sweetest of emollients, are indispensable for winter rashes, eczemas, itchings, irritations, scalings, chappings, for red, rough, and oily complexions, for sore, itching, burning hands and feet, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Complete freatment for every Burner, consisting of Charles Soap, Glatment, and Pillis, price, the set, One Dol-lar, may be had of all druggies. Potter Brug & Chem. Curp., Soic Props. Borton. 27 Sead for How to Cure Winter Humora.

these cases, as it has since been denied at the Smoot hearing, that the endowment cath says anything about the Government of the United States; but witness after witness in these Utah cases repeated the assertion under oath. The court, after hearing the testimony, refused naturalization to all Mormons who had taken the oath, on the ground that they could not be otherwise than "animated by a feeling of hostility to the Government and laws of the United States, and therefore not fit persons to be made citizens."

IT IS A MENACE.

Mormonism Contrary to Spirit of American Institutions.

[Colorado Springs Gazette.] Senator Smoot's defense has so far falled to show anything that will tend to Senator Smoot's defense has so far failed to show anything that will tend to change the prevailing onition that Mormonism, as it now exists, is contrary to the spirit of American institutions. This is the real issue in the proceedings now being conducted by the Senate committee. The question of the personal fitness of Smoot is of minor consequence. He is not a polygamist and his moral and mental equipment may be fully up to the Senate standard, but he is the representative of a secret organization which, it has been proven, persistently defies the laws of the land. That organization imposes upon its members an oath which holds fealty to it to take precedence over fealty to the United States. The fake "revelations" of its head are obeyed implicitly and the laws of the United States are obeyed only when they happen to coincide with those "revelations."

The investigation has already proceeded far enough to show that Mormonism is a real menace. It is splendidly organized and is constantly growing stronger. The election of Senator Smoot shows that it fully controls Utah, and it is spreading to neighboring States, particularly Idaho, where the Mormons are so strong that it is said that Senator Dubois has committed political suicide by fighting them.

It is to be hoped that as a result of the exposures now being made Congress will pass laws regulating this oligarchy and compelling it to conduct its affairs in compliance with the laws. There is no place in the United States for an organ-

ization, religious, political or otherwise, which sets itself up as superior to the Constitution.

Smoot Is the Cause.

[Vernal (Utah) Express.] The Smoot investigation at Washington is drawing to a close and Utah will soot know the result. The Sait Lake Tribung professes to believe that Smoot will certainly lose his seat. On the other hand there are very many who are a contraction. tainly lose his seat. On the other are very many who are of the opinion that the prosecution has falled to make a case. Whichever way it goes it would have been better for the State could the whole affair have been avoided

> Compulsion Not Necessary. [Washington Post.]

Professor Talmage, one of the Smeet witnesses, says that polygamy is not compulsory among the Mormons. It does not need to be, apparently.

The new Schator from Utah sgain rises to explain that he is not a Mormon and that his wife did not pick a Danite for her grandfather.

Doesn't Understand Mormonism.

(Chicago News.) is an examination in what he does not ow about Mormonism the cross-quen-ning of Senator Smoot must be regard-as a success. Senator Smoot ed as a success. * * Senator Smoot feels that the Mormon "revelations" are inspired, but is not prepared to guarantee the quality of the inspiration.

Should Draw the Line [Philadelphia Inquirer]

Reed Smoot's path would be less rugged if he could persuade the people to make a distinction between Mormonism and polygamy.

Having purchased the entire stock and business of the "Moore Shoe Co.," I will continue said business in my own name. GEORGE ROMNEY, JR. Commercial National bank, savings

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\$+**@+@**+@+@+@+@+®+®+®+®+®+® What an awful smell that hide and pelt scandal is kicking up! Here, indeed, is a case where bloodhounds are not needed.

Bishop Preston doesn't say just where the tithing books are kept, but it's safe betting that they are not where the pub-lo can gaze upon them.

Some of those coyote skins seem to

It would seem that Banker Schettler feared no one but the head of the Mor-mon church. The tithing was paid, but the creditors were defrauded.

It will be noticed that none of Banker Schettler's depositors offered to go on his bonds.

It may possibly develop later just what was offered for "expert" Gentile testimony, but at present the public is in ignorance.

We will keep you posted on the smoke problem—in other words, as soon as the experts have found a way to get rid of it, our readers will be made acquainted with the fact.

Possibly Sait Lakers only imagine that the amelters are the cause of so many gloomy days.

The testimony at Washington has proven that there are worse men in Utah than Reed Smoot. However, this is not intended as a compliment for the Mormon Senator.

Of course, none of the scrappers have any idea that they can lick Jeffrice, but there are several of them who are willing to get into the ring and take a good wallop or two-for a consideration.

President Roosevelt is to bunt jack-rabbits in Texas within the next few

ness in the head and chest-Pleurisy nains in the side-lame back, with pains in the limbs-violent, racking Cough, incessant like Bronchitis-sore swollen throat, like Quinsy, but seldom ulcerated—great and general prostra-tion, lassitude, disinclination if ac-total incapacity for work—feverish total incapacity for work teverag-ness, great thirst. If you have any of these symptoms, Dr. Humphreys "Seventy-seven" is the remedy and ourse needed "77" will break up the Grip or Cold and prevent an attack of Pneumonia.

At Druggists, 35 cenis, or mailed. Humphreys' Homeo, Medicine Co., Cer. Wil-liam and John streets, New York.

BLOW IN HERE

Why, because you will always find on hand a complete line of liquors and choic-est domestic and Key West cigars.

YOUNGBERG & PERRY, Propra PARK CITY, UTAH

WALKER'S STOR



Entire Stock of Shirt Waists Given a Further Round of Splendid Reductions.

Must be at least three hundred shirt waists here yet--all fashionable, all made of choice fabrics, all trimmed in ways that this season has prescribed as best. Many and many a cold day is there to come in which you will want them, and many a day in the early spring when jackets begin to come off.

Flannel waists, albatross waists, brilliantine waists, cleth waists and others. Divided into three groups-The \$3 to \$4.95 go at-\$1.95. The \$5 to \$6.75 go at-\$2.95. The \$7 to \$12.50 go at-\$3.95.

HALF PRICES FOR ALL FURS, NECKPIECES AND MUFFS!

NOT IN A TWELVE-MONTH WILL YOU AGAIN HAVE A LIKE OPPORTUNITY.

A collection of furs that is second to none other hereabout is what we offer you-a fact known to every woman in the city. Complete as to kinds of furs, right in the matter of newest styles and shapes. Muffs, scarfs, victorines, pellerines, boas. Made of mink, brook mink, lynx, raccoon, oppossum, coon, etc.

> Prices begin at \$1.25 and range gradually up to \$100--HALF REGULAR PRICE FOR ANY.

ALL FUR COATS GO--

The nearseal jackets that were \$50 to \$65 each for--\$25. Real seal jackets--the \$300 for--\$225; the \$350 fer--\$265; the \$375 fer--\$275.

Persian lamb jacket:--\$450 for \$250; the \$250 for--\$185; the \$200 for--\$145; the \$165 fer--\$85.

Show Days for New Wash Fabrics.

Like a shower of fresh spring flowers, they fell on counters and shelves last week, when the first balmy days and bright sunshine came along. Lookers and takers were there a-plenty. Some of the names you know—others are entirely new, not alone in name, but weave and texture, as well. We would rather have you see them, but these may be suggestive—organiles and dimittes, with all the daintiness of yore but prettier if possible, in colorings, swisses, with richly ness of yore but prettier, if possible, in colorings; swisses, with richly embroidered dots, of different colors; Kyts crepes, voile melange, colonial cheviots, bourbette suitings, mohair lustre, swiss jacquards, ginghams, sephyrs, etc., etc. Variety most plentiful; 12½c up to 60c yard.

ঠুঁকোকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাকাক<mark>ীকাকাকা</mark>কাকাক <u>ক</u> All Eiderdown and Blanket Robes--Half-Priced.

A very interesting lot of robes-long and sacque styles-and if this falls under the eye of the hundreds who have told us they were waiting for just this "Half-Price" opportunity, why they'll not tarry with us the week through. The short kinds range \$1.75 to \$2.75 each. The long, \$5 to \$10.75-HALF THESE PRICES.

Women's Outing Flannel Gowns--Half-Priced.

A lot of one hundred. Well varied as to style difference. Made of best grades of outing flannels. Regular prices \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. This week-50c, 62c, 75c each.

Shine Your Shoes

A boy and chair especially appointed for your service in the shoe department. Convenient, ready at all times. 1. Expressor to to to the text of the text

Men's Silk Ties up to \$2 Each for--\$1.

Squares and four-in-hands, made of excellent silk, desirable patterns and colorings. A clearing-out lot of several dozens. Formerly 1.50, \$1.75 and \$2 each; choice-\$1.

Men's Outing Flannel Pajamas and Night Shirts-One-Third Off Regular.

Excellent stock. Best of styles; best of outlings. This week pajamas that have been \$2.50, for-\$1.70; the \$1.50 for \$1; the \$1.25 for \$5c. Night shirts—the \$1.50 for \$1; the \$1 for 65c; the 75c for 50c.

Stationery and the "Kleanwell" Rubber Sponges Reduced.

Goodly lot of hemstitched linen and the Gilbert writing papers that were 75c a box Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—45c.

Companion School Tablets, the layge and medium sizes, Monday and week, instead of 5c each—two for 5c.

"Kleanwell" rubber sponges with strap over back, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, the \$1.25 for 98c; the \$1 for 78c; the 75c for 58c.

65c and 75c New Silk Belts--50c.

A splendid little group that justh appened our way. Made of peau de sole and taffeta silk, black and colors; all new patterns and should sell for 65c and 75c each; choose at—10c.